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Choice Loetry.

BABY BUNN. BY JOSIE &. HUNT.

Winsome baby Bonn! ghter than the stars that rise In the dusky crening skies; Browner than the robin's wing. Clearer than the woodland apri Are the eyes of baby Bunn! Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly, all the while,
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stoic your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunt! Milk white lilies half unrolled.

Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep
For the little one asleep,
With his head against your breast!
Never, in the coming years,
Though he seeks for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the breath of Baby Bunn!
Oh, scarlet mouth of baby Bunn!
One man wears its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain—
Drops of blood like purple rain—
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daily rose white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
lie to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
Those shall failter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

Select Story.

FRANKENSTEIN; -OR.-

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

BY MRS. MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

"Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay, To mould me man? Did I solicit thee From darkness to promote me?"—Paradise Lost. (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XX. I was som introduced into the presence of the magistrate, an old benevolent man, with calm and mild manners. He looked upon me, howev-

and mild manifers. He looked upon me, however, with some degree of severity, and then, turning towards my conductors, be asked who appeared as witnesses on this occasion.

About half a dozen men came forward; and one being selected by the magistrate, he deposed, that he had been out fishing, the night before, with his sen and brother-in-law, Daniel Nugent, when, about ten o'clock, they observed a strong northerly blast rising, and they accordingly put in for port. It was a very dark night, as the moon had not yet risen; they did not land at the harbor, but, as they had been accustomed, at a creek about two miles below. He walked on first, carrying a part of the fishing tackle, and his companions followed him at He walked on first, carrying a part of the issing tackle, and his companions followed him at some distance. As he was proceeding along the sands, he struck his foot against something, and fell all his length on the ground. His companions came up to assist him; and, by the light of their lantern, they found that he had fallen on the body of a man who was to all appearance dead.

pearance dead.

Their first supposition was, that it was the Their first supposition was, that it was the corpse of some person who had been drowned, and was thrown on shore by the waves; but, upon examination, they found that the clothes were not wet, and even that the body was not then cold. They instantly carried it to the cottage of an old woman near the spot, and endeavored, but in vain, to restore it to life. He deavored, but in vain, to restore it to life. He appeared to be a handsome young man, about five and twenty years of age. He had apparently been strangled, for there was no sign of any violence, except the black mark of fingers the next of the property o

on his neck.

The first part of this deposition did not interest me, but when the mark of the fingers was mentioned, I remembered the murder of my brother, and felt myself extremely agitated; my limbs trembled, and a mist came over my eyes, which obliged me to lean on a chair for support. The magistrate observed me with a keen eye, and of course drew an unfavorable

keen eye, and of course drew an unfavorable augary from my manner.

The son confirmed the father's account; but when Daniel Nugent was called, he swore positively, that, just before the fall of his companion, he saw a beat, with a single man in it, at a short distance from the shore; and, as far as he could judge by the light of a few stars, it was the same beat in which I had just lauded.

A woman deposed, that she lived near the beach, and was standing at the door of her cottage, waiting for the return of the fishermen, and about an hour before she heard of the discovery of the body, when she saw a boat, with only one man in it, push off from that part of the shore where the corpse was afterwards found.

the shore where the corpse was afterwards found.

Another woman confirmed the account of the fishermen having brought the body into her house; it was not cold. They put it into a bed, and rubbed it; and Daniel went to the town for an apothecary, but life was quite gone.

Several other men were examined concerning my landing; and they agreed, that, with the strong north wind that had arisen during the night, it was very probable that I had beaten about for many hours, and had been obliged to return nearly to the same spot from which I had departed. Besides, they observed that it appeared that I had brought the body from another place, and it was likely that, as I did not appear to know the shore. I might have put into the harbor, ignorant of the distance of the town of — from the place where I had deposited the corpse.

Mr. Kirwin, on hearing this evidence, desired that I should be taken into the room where the body lay for interment, that it might be observ-ed what effect the sight of it would produce up-

ed for breath; and, throwing myself on the body, I exclaimed, "Have my murderous mach-inations deprived you also, my dearest Henry, of life? Two I have already destroyed; other

of life? Two I have already destroyed; other victims await their destiny; but yon, Clerval, my friend, my benefactor—"

The human frame could no longer support the agonizing suffering that I endured, and I was carried out of the room in strong convulsions.

A fever succeeded this. I lay for two months on the point of death; my ravings, as I afterwards heard, were frightful; I called myself murderer of William, of Justine, and of Clerval. Sometimes I entreated my attendants to assist me in the destruction of the fisnd by whom I was tormented; and, arothers, I felt the fingers of the mouster grasping my neck, and I screamed aloud with agony and terror. Fortunately, as I spoke my native language, Mr. Kirwin aloue understood me; but my gestures and bitter cries were sufficient to affright the other witnesses.

witnesses.

Why did I not die? More miserable than man ever was before, why did I not sink into forgetfulness and rest? Death snatches away many blooming children, the only hopes of their doating parents: how many brides and youthful lovers have been one day in the bloom of health and hope, and the next a prey for worms and the decay of the tomb? Of what materials was I made, that I could thus resist so many shocks, which, like the turning of the wheel, continually renewed the torture?

But I was doomed to live; and, in two months, found myself as awaking from a dream in prison, stretched on a wretched bed, surrounded by gaolers, turnkeys, bolts, and all the miserable apparatus of a dungeon. It was morning, I remember, when I thus awoke to understanding: I had forgotten the particulars of what had happened, and only felt as if some great misfortune had suddenly overwhelmed me; but when I looked around, and saw the barred windows, and the squalidness of the room in which I was, all flashed across my memory, and I groaned bitterly.

This sound disturbed an old woman who was sleeping in a chair beside me. She was a hired nurse, the wife of one of the turnkeys, and her

This sound disturbed an old woman who was a sheeping in a chair beside me. She was a hired nurse, the wife of one of the turnkeys, and her countenance expressed all those bad qualities which often characterize that class. The lines which often characterize that class. The lines of her face were hard and rude, like those of persons accustomed to see without sympathizing in sights of misery. Her tone expressed her entire indifference; she addressed me in English, and the voice struck me as one that I had

lish, and the voice struck me as one that I had heard during my sufferings:
"Are you better now, sir it" said she.
I replied in the same language, with a feeble voice, "I believe I am; but if it be all true, if indeed I did not dream, I am sorry that I am still alive to feel this misery and horror."
"For that matter," replied the old woman, "if you mean about the gentleman you murdered, I believe that it were better for you if you were dead, for I fancy it will go hard with you; but you will be hung when the next session comes on. However, that's none of my business; I am sent to nurse you, and get you well; I do my duty with a safe conscience; it were well if everybody did the same."

my duty with a safe conscience; it were well if
everybody did the same."

I turned with loathing from the woman who
could utter so unfeeling a speech to a person
just saved, on very edge of death; but I felt
languid, and unable to reflect on all that had
passed. The whole series of my life appeared
to me as a dream; I sometimes doubted if indeed it were all true, for it never presented itself to my mind with the force of reality.

As the images that floated before me became
more distinct. I grew foverish; a darkness

more distinct, I grew faverish; a darkness pressed arono d me; no one was near me who soothed me with the gentle voice of love; no dear hand supported me. The physician came and prescribed medicines, and the old woman prepared them for me; but utter carelessness was visible in the first, and the expression of luntality was strongly marked in the visage of the second. Who could be interested in the fate of a murderer, but the hangman who would gain his fee f

These were my first reflections; but I soon learned that Mr. Kirwin had shown me extreme kindness. He had caused the best room in the prison to be prepared for me; (wretched indeed was the best!) and it was he who had provided a physician and a nurse. It is true, he seldom came to see me; for, although he ar-dently desired to relieve the sufferings of every dently desired to relieve the sufferings of every human creature, he did not wish to be present at the agonies and miserable ravings of a murderer. He came, therefore, sometimes, to see that I was not neglected; but his visits were short, and at long intervals.

One day, when I was gradually recovering, I was scated in a chair, my eyes half open, and my cheeks livid like those of death: I was overcome by gloom and misery, and often reflected

my cheeks livid like those of death: I was overcome by gloom and misery, and often reflected
I had better seek death than remain miserably
pent up, only to helet loose in a world replete
with wretchedness. At one time I considered
whether I should not declare myself gailty, and
suffer the penaity of the law, less innocest that
poor Justine had been. Such were my thoughts
when the door of my apartment was opened,
and Mr. Kirwin entered. His countenance expressed sympathy and compassion; he drew a
chair close to mine, and addressed me in French—
"I fear that this place is very shocking to
you; can I do anything to make you more comfortable !"

"I thank you; but all that you mention

"I thank you; but all that you mention is nothing to me; on the whole earth there is no comfort which I am capable of receiving."

"I know that the sympathy of a stranger can be of but little relief to one borne down as you are by so strange a misfortune. But you will, I hope, soon quit this melancholy abode; for, doubtless, evidence can easily be brought to free you from the criminal charge."

"That is my least concern: I am, by course of strange events, become the most miserable of mortals. Persecuted and tortured as I am and have been, can death be any evil to me!"

"Nothing, indeed, could be more unfortunate and agonizing than the strange chances that have lately occurred. You were thrown, by some surprising accident, on this shore, renowned for its hospitality; seized immediately, and charged with murder. The first sight that was presented to your eyes, was the body of your friend, murdered in so unaccountable a manner, and placed, as it were, by some fiend across your path."

your path."
As Mr. Kirwin said this, notwithstanding the agitation I endured on this retrospect of my sufferings. I also felt considerable surprise at the knowledge he seemed to possess concerning me. I suppose some astonishment was exhibi-ted in my countenance; for Mr. Kirwin hasten-

ted in my countenance; for Mr. Kirwin hastened to say:

"It was not until a day or two after your illness, that I thought of examining your dress, that I might discover some means by which I might discover some trace by which I could send to your relations an account of your misfortene and illness. I found several letters, and, among others, one which I discovered from its commencement, to be from your father. I instantly wrote to Geneva; nearly two months have clapsed since the departure of my letter. But you are ill; even now you tremble; you are unft for agitation of any kind."

"This suspense is a thousand times worse than the most horrible event; tell me what new scene of death has been acted, and whose murder I am now to lament."

"Your family is perfectly well," said Mr. Kirwin, with gentlesses; "and some one, a friend, is come to visit you."

I know not by what chain of thought the idea presented itself, but it instantly darted into my mind that the murderer had come to mock at my misery, and taunt me with the death of Clerval, as a new incitement for me to comply with his hellish desires. I put my hand before my eyes, and cried out in agony—"Oh, take him away! I cannot see him; for God's sake, do not let him enter!"

Mr. Kirwin regarded me with a troubled countenance. He could not help regarding my exclamation as a presumption of my guilt, and said, in rather a severe tone—"I should have thought, young man, that the presence of your father would have been welcome, instead of inspiring such violent repugnance."

"My father!" cried I, while every feature and

My change of manner surprised and pleased the magistrate; perhaps he thought that any former exclamation was a momentary return of the delirism, and now he instantly resumed it former benevolence. He rose and quitted the room with my nurse, and in a moment my father centered it.

Nothing, at this moment, could have given me greater pleasure than the arrival of my father. I stretched out my hand to him, and cried—
"Are you then safe—and Elizabeth—and Ernest?"

My father calmed me with assurances of their welfare, and endeavored, by dwelling on these subjects so interesting to my heart, to raise my desponding spirits; but he soon felt that a prison cannot be the abode of cheerfalness. "What a place is this that you inhabit, my son!" said he, looking mourfailly at the harred windows and wretched appearance of the room. "You travelled to seek happiness, but a fatality send, in which we have viewed my operated, in my weak state; I shed tears.

"Alasi yes, my father," replied I; "some destiny of the most horrid kind hangs over me, and I small live to fulfill it, or surely I should have died on the coffin of Henry."

We were not allowed to converse for any length of time, for the precarious state of my health rendered every precantion necessary that could insure tranquility. Mr. Kirwin camin, and insisted that my strength should not be exhausted by too much exertion. But the appearance of my father was to me like that of my health.

As my sickness quitted me, I was absorbed by a gloom and black nelancholy, that nothing could dissipate. The image of Clerval was for ever before me, ghastly and murdered. More ver before me, ghastly and murdered what my single the definition of the manner of my more than once the agitation into which

tions threw me made my friends dread a dangerous relapse. Alas! why did they preserve so miserable and detested a life? It was surely that I might fulfill my deatiny, which is now drawing to a close. Soon, oh! very soon, will death extinguish these throbbings, and relieve me from the mighty weight of anguish that bears me to the dast; and, in executing the award of justice, I shall sink to rest. Then the appearance of death was distant, although the wish was ever present to my thoughts; and I often sat for hours motionless and speechless, wishing for some mighty revolution that might bury me and my destroyer in its rains.

The season of the assizes approached. I had already been three months in prison; and, although I was still weak, and in continual danger of a relapse, I was obliged to travel nearly a hundred miles to the country town, where the court was seld. Mr. Kirwin charged himself with every care of collecting witnesses, and arranging my defence. I was spared the disgrace of appearing publicly as a criminal, as the case was not brought before the court that decides on life and death. The grand jury rejected the bill, on its being proved that I was on the Orkney Island, at the hour the body of my friend was found, and a fortnight after my removal I was liberated from prison.

My father was enraptured on finding me freed from the vexations of a criminal charge, that I was again allowed to breathe the fresh atmosphere, and although the sun shone upon me, as upon the happy and gay of heart, I saw around me nothing but a dense and frightful darkness, penetrated by no light but the glimmer of two eyes that glared upon me. Sometimes they were the expressive eyes of Henry, languishing in death, the dark orbs nearly covered by the lids, and the long black hashes that fringed them; sometimes it was was the watery, clouded eyes of the monster, as I fist saw them in my chamber at Ingoistant.

My father tried to awaken, in me the feetings number at Ingoistadt.

My father tried to awaken in me the feelings

chamber at Ingoistadt.

My father tried to awaken in me the feelings of affection. He talked of Geneva—which I should soon visit—of Elizabeth and Ernest; but these words only drew deep groans from me. Sometimes, indeed, I felt a wish for happiness; and thought, with melancholy delight, of my beloved cousin; or longed, with a devoring maladie da pays, to see once more the blue lake and rapid Rhone, that had been so dear to me in early childhood; but my general state of feeling was a torpor, in which a prison was as welcome a residence as the divinest seems in nature; and these fits were seldom interrupted, but by paroxysms of anguish and despair. At moments I often endeavored to put an end to the existence I loathed; and it required unceasing attendance and vigilance to restrain me from committing some dreadful act of violence. I remember, as I quitted the prison, I heard one of the men say: "He may be innocent of the murder, but he has certainly a bad conscience." These words struck me. A bad conscience! yes, surely I had one. William, Justine, and Clerval had died through my infernal machinations "And whose death," cried I, "is to finish the tragedy! Ah! my father, do not remain in this wretched country; take me where I may forget myself, my existence, and all the world."

My father easily acceded to my desire; and, after having taken leave of Mr. Kirwin, we has tened to Dublin. I folt as if I was relieved from a heavy weight, when the packet sailed with a fair wind from Ireland, and I had quitted forever the country which had been to me the scene of so much missery.

It was midnight. My father slept in the cabin;

of so much misery.
It was midnight. My father slept in the cabin and I lay on the deck, looking at the stars, and listening to the dashing of the waves. I hailed the darkness that shut Ireland from my sight instening to the dashing of the waves. I hailed the darkness that shut Ireland from my sight, and my pulse beat with a feverish joy, when I reflected I should soon see Geneva. The past appeared to me in the light of a fearful dream; yet the shore of Ireland, and the sea which surrounded me, told me too foreibly that I was deceived by no vision, and that Clerval, my friend and dearest companion, had fallen a victim to me and the monster of my creation. I repassed, in my memory, my whole life; my quiet happiness while residing with my family in Geneva, the death of my mother, and my departure for Ingoldstadt. I remembered shuddering at the mad enthusiasm that hurried me on to the creation of my bideous entemy, and I called to mind the night during which he first lived. I was unable to pursue the train of thought; a thousand feelings pressed upon me, and I wept bitterly.

Ever since my recovery from the fever, I hal been in the custom of taking every night a small quantity of landunum; for it was by means of this drug only that I was enabled to gain the rest necessary for the preservation of life. Oppressed by the recollection of my various misfortunes, I now took a double dose, and acous slept profoundly. But sleep did not afford me respite from thought and misery; my dreams presented a thousand objects that scarel me. Towards morning I was possessed by a kind of nightmare; I felt the fiend's grasp on my neck, and could not free myself from it; groaus and cries rung in my ears. My father, who was watching over me, perceiving my restlessness, awoke me, and pointed to the port of Holyhead, which we were now entering.

CHAPTER XXI.

We had resolved not to go to London, but to cross the country to Portsmonth, and thence to embark for Havre. I preferred this plan, principally because I dreaded again to see those places in which I had enjoyed a few moments of tranquillity with my beloved Clerval. I thought with horror of seeing again those persons whom we had been accustomed to visit together, and who might make inquiries concerning an event, the very remembrance of which made me again feel the pang I endured when I gazed on the lifeless form in the inn at —.

As for my father, his desires and exertions were bounded to the again seeing me restored to health and peace of mind. His tenderness and attentions were unremitting; my grief and gloom were obstituate, but he would not despair. Sometimes he thought that I felt deeply the degradation of being obliged to ans wer a charge of morder, and he endsavored to prove to me the fatility of pride.

"Alas! my father," said I, "how little do you know me! Human beings, their feelings and We had resolved not to go to London, but to This idea was probably suggested by the extreme agitation I had exhibited when the mode of the murder had been described. I was accordingly conducted, by the magistrate and several other persons, to the mn. I could not help being struck by the strange coincidences that had taken place during this eventful night; but, knowing that I had been conversing with but, knowing that I had been conversing with several persons in the island I had inhabited about the time that the body had been found, I customer about the time that the body in the corps lay, and the was perfectly tranquil as to the company sensations on beholding it? I feel yet parched with horror, nor can I reflect on that terribbe moment without shuddering and agony, therefore may sensations on beholding it? I feel yet parched with horror, nor can I reflect on that the finalty reminds me of the againsh of the recognition. The trial, the presence of the magistrate and witnesses, passed like a dream from my memory, when I saw the lifeless form and the recognition. The trial, is presence of the magistrate and witnesses, passed like a dream from my memory, when I saw the lifeless form and the comply with his hellish desires. I put my hand before my sensations on beholding it? I feel yet parched with horror, nor can I reflect on that terribbe moment without shuddering and agony, the feeling of the recognition. The trial, the presence of the magistrate and witnesses, passed like a dream from my memory, when I saw the lifeless form and said, in rather a severe tone—

"My father "cried I, while every feature and every muscle was relaxed from anguish to pleasance."

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"My father "cried I, while every feature and the degradation of being obliged to ans wer a charge of murder, and he endasyored to prove to my feature and witnesses, passed like a dream from my memory, when I saw the lifeless form in the idea form and attentions were unremitted.

"As for my father, his de

and kindly endeavored to alter the course of my thoughts.

He wished, as much as possible, to obliterate the memory of the scenes that had taken place in Ireland, and never alluded to them, or suffered me to speak of my misfortanes.

As time passed away, I became more calm; my misery had her dweelling in my heart, and I no longer talked in the same incoherent manner of my own crimes; sufficient for me was the consciousness of them. By the utmost self-violence I curbed the imperious voice of wretchedness, which desired to declare itself to the whole world; and my manners were calmer and more composed than they had ever been since my journey to the sea of ice.

We arrived at Havre on the 8th of May, and instantly proceeded to Paris, where my father had some business, which detained us a few weeks. In this city, I received the following letter from Elizabeth:—

"TO VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.

"To VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.

"My Dearest Priesd:—It gave me the greatest pleasure to receive a letter from my uncle, dated at Paris: you are no longer at a formidable distance, and I may hope to see you in less than a fortnight. My poor consin, how much you must have suffered! I expect to see you looking even more ill than when you quitted Geneva. The winter has been passed most miserably, tortured as I have been by anxious suspense; yet I hope to see peace in your countenance, and to find that your heart is not totally devoid of comfort and tranquillity.

of comfort and tranquillity.

"Yet I fear that the same feelings now exist that made you so miserable a year ago, even perhaps augmented by time. I would not disturb you at this period, when so many misfortnness weigh upon you; but a conversation that I had with my uncle previous to his departure, renders some explanation necessary before we meet.

meet.

"Explanation! you may possibly say; what can Elizabeth have to explain! If you really say this, my questions are answered, and I have no more to do than to sign myself your affectionate cousin. But you are distant from me, and are cousin. But you are distant from me, and it is possible that you may dread, and yet be pleased with this expanation; and, in a probability of this being the case, I dare not any longer postpone writing what, during your absence, I have often wheel to express to you, but have never had the courses to begin

have never had the courage to begin.
"You well know, Victor, that our union had been the favorite plan of your parents ever since our infancy. We we were told this when young, and taught to look forward to it as an event that would certainly take place. We were affection-ate play-fellows during childhood, and, I believe, dear and valued friends to one another as we grew older. But as brother and sister often engrew older. But as orother and asser often cu-tertain a lively affection towards each other, without desiring a more intimate union, may not such also be our case? Tell me, dearest Vic-tor. Answer me, I conjure you, by our mutual happiness, with simple truth,—Do you not love another?

"You have travelled; you have spent several

"You have travelled; you have spent several years of your life at Ingolstadt; and I confess to you, my friend, that, when I saw you last autumn so unhappy, flying to solitude, from the society of every creature, I could not help supposing that you might regret our connection, and believe yourself bound in honor to fulfill the wishes of your parents, although they opposed themselves to your inclinations. But this is false reasoning. I confess to you, my cousin, that I love you, and that in my airy dreams of futurity you have been my constant friend and companion. But it is your happiness I desire as well as my own, when I declare to you that our marriage would render me eternally miserable, unmy own, when I declare to you that our marriage would render me eternally miserable, unless it were the dictate of your own free choice. Even now I weep to think, that, borne down as you are by the cruelest misfortunes, you may stifle, by the word honor, all hope of that love and happiness which would alone restore you to yourself. I, who have so interested an affection for yon, may increase your miseries tenfold, by being an obstacle to your wishes. Ah, Victor, he assured that your cousin and playmate has too sincere a love for you not to be made miserable by this supposition. Be happy, my friend; and, if you obey me in this one request, remain satisfied that nothing on earth will have power to interrupt my tranquillity.

"Do not let this letter disturb you; do not answer it to-morrow, or the next day, or even until

"Do not let this letter disturb you; do not answer it to-morrow, or the next day, or even until you come, if it will give you pain. My uncle will send me news of your health; and if I see but one smile on your lips when we meet, occasioned by this or any other exciton of mine, I shall need no other happiness.

"ELIZABETH LAVENZA.

"Genera, May 18th, 17-."

"Genera, May 18th, 17—."

This letter revived in my memory what I had before forgotten, the threat of the fiend—"I will be with you on your wiedding night!" Such was my sentence, and on that night would the demon employ every art to destory me, and tear me from the glimpse of happiness which promised partly to console my sufferings. On that night he had determined to consummate his crimes by my death. Well, be it so; a deadly struggle would then assuredly take place, in which, if he was victorious, I should be at peace, and his power over me be at an end. If he were vanquished, I should be a free man. Alas! what freedom! such as the poasant enjoys when his family has been maasacred before his eyes, his cottage burnt, his lands laid waste, and he is turned adrift, homeless, penniless, and alone, but free. Such would be my liberty, except that in my Elizabeth I possessed a treasure; alas! balanced by those horrors of remorse and guilt, which would pursue me until death.

Sweet and beloved Elizabeth! I read and reread her letter, and some softened feelings stole into my heart, and dared to whisper paradistical dreams of love and joy; but the apple was already eaten, and the angel's arm bared to drive me from all hope. Yet I would die to make her happy. If the monster excented his threat, death was inevitable; yet, again, I considered whether my marriage would hasten my fate. My destruction might, indeed, arrive a few months sooner; but, if my torturer should suspect that I postponed it, influenced by his menaces, he would surely find other, and, perhaps, more dreadful, means of revenge. He had vowed to be with me on my wedding sight, yet he did not consider that threat as binding him to peace in the mean time; for, as if to show me that he was not yet satiated with blood, he had murdered Clerval immediately after the enunciation of his threats. I resolved, therefore, that if my immediate union with my consin would conduce either to her or my father's happiness, my admendiated union with my consin would conduce eit

of his threats. I resolved, therefore, that if my immediate union with my consin would conduce either to her or my father's happiness, my adversary's designs against my life should not retard it a single hoar.

In this state of mind I wrote to Elizabeth. My letter was calm and affectionate. "I fear, my heloved girl," I said, "little happiness remains for us on earth; yet all that I may one day enjoy is concentrated in you. Chase away your idle fears; to you alone do I consecrate my life, and my endeavors for contentment. I have one secret, Elizabeth, a dreadful one; when revealed to you, it will chill your frame with horror, and

then, far from being surprised at my misery, you will only wonder that I survive what I have endured. I will confide this tale of misery and terror to you the day after our marriage shall take place; for, my sweet consin, there must be perfect confidence between us. But, until then, I conjure you, do not mention or allude to it. This I most carnestly entreat, and I know you will comply."

This I most carnestly entreat, and I know you will comply."

In about a week after the arrival of Elizabeth's letter, we returned to Goneva. My consin welcomed me with warm affection; yet tears were in her eyes, as she beheld my emaciated frame and feverish cheeks. I saw a change in her also. She was thinner, and had lost much of that heavenly vivacity that had before charmed me; but her gentleness, and soft looks of compassion, made her a more fit companion for one blasted and miserable as I was.

made her a more fit companion for one biasted and miserable as I was.

The tranquillity which I now enjoyed did not endure. Memory brought madness with it; and when I thought on what had passed, a real in-sanity possessed me; sometimes I was furious, and burnt with rage, sometimes low and despon-dent. I neither spoke nor looked, but sat mo-tionless, bewildered by the multitude of miseries

tionless, bewildered by the multitude of miseries that overcame me.

Elizabeth alone had the power to draw me from these fits; her gentle voice would soothe me when transported by passion, and inspire me with human feelings when sunk in torpor. She wept with me, and for me. When reason returned, she would remonstrate, and endeavor to inspire me with resignation. Ah! it is well for the unfortunate to be resigned, but for the guilty there is no peace. The agonies of remorse poison the luxury there is otherwise sometimes found in indulging the excess of grief.

Soou after my arrival, my father spoke of my immediate marriage with my consin. I remained

immediate marriage with my consin. I remained

"Have you, then, some other attachment !"
"None on earth. I love Elizabeth, and lo forward to our union with delight. Let the day therefore he fixed; and on it I will consecrate myself, in life or death, to the happiness of my

myself, in life or death, to the happiness of my cousin."

"My dear Victor, do not speak thus. Heavy misfortunes have befallen us; but let us only cling closer to what remains, and transfer our love for those whom we have lost to those who yet live. Our circle will be small, but bound close by the ties of affection and mutual misfortune. And when time shall have softened your despair, new and dear objects of care will be born to replace those of whom we have been so cruelly deprived."

Such were the lessons of my father. But to me the remembrance of the threat returned: nor can you wonder, that, omnipotent as the fiend had yet been in his deeds of blood, I should almost regard him as invincible; and that when he had pronounced the words, "I should be with you on your wedding night," I should regard the threatened fate as unavoidable. But death was no evil to me, if the loss of Elizabeth were balanced with it; and I therefore, with a contented and even cheerful countenance, agreed with my

anced with it; and I therefore, with a contented and even cheerful countenance, agreed with my father, that if my cousin would consent, the ceremony should take place in ten days, and thus put, as I imagined, the seal to my fate.

Great God! if for one instant I had thought of what might be the helish intention of my fiendish adversary, I would rather have banished myself fe ever from my native country, and wandered a friendless outcast over the earth, than have consented to this miserable marriage. But, as if possessed of magic powers, the mou-But, as if possessed of magic powers, the mon-ster had blinded me to his real intentions; and when I thought that I prepared my own death, I hastened that of a far dearer victim. As the period fixed for our marriage drew hearer, whether from cowardice or a prophetic feeling. I felt my heart sink within me. But I contraded my feelings by an appearance of hilar-

concealed my feelings by an appearance of hilarity, that brought smiles and joy to the countenance of my father, but hardly deceived the ever-watchful and nicer eye of Elizabeth. Sac which past misfortanes had impressed, that what now appeared certain and tangible happiness night soon dissipate into an airy dream, and leave no trace but deep and everlasting regret. Preparations were made for the event; con-gratulatory visits were received; and all wore a smiling appearance. Labor are all wore

Preparations were made for the event; congratulatory visits were received; and all wore a smiling appearance. I shut up, as well as I could, in my own heart the anxiety that preyed there, and entered with seeming carnestness into the plans of my father, although they might only serve as the decorations of my tragedy. A house was purchased for us near Cologny, by which we should enjoy the pleasures of the country, and yet be so near Geneva as to see my father every day; who would still reside within the walls, for the benefit of Ernest, that he might follow his studies at the schools.

In the mean time, I took every precaution to defend my person, in case the fiend should openly attack me. I carried pistols and a dagger emstantly about me, and was ever on the watch to prevent artifice; and by these means gained a greater degree of tranquillity. Indeed, as the period approached, the threat appeared more as a delusion, not to be regarded as worthy to disturb my peace, while the happiness I hoped for in my marriage were a greater appearance of certainty, as the day fixed for its solemnization drew nearer, and I heard it continually spoken of as an occurrence which no accident could possibly prevent.

Elizabeth seemed happy; my tranquil de-

sibly prevent.

Elizabeth seemed happy; my tranquil demeanor contributed greatly to calm her mind. But on the day that was to fulfill my wishes and my destiny, she was melanchely, and a presentiment of evil pervaded her; and perhaps also she thought of the dreadful secret I had promised to seemal to be the following day. My father was reveal to her the following day. My father was in the mean time overjoyed, and, in the bustle of preparation, only observed in the melancholy of his niece the diffidence of a bride.

of his niece the diffidence of a bride.

After the ceremony was performed, a large party assembled at my father's; but it was agreed that Elizabeth and I should pass the afternoon and night at Evian, and return to Cologny the next morning. As the day was fair, and the wind favorable, we resolved to go by

and the wind favorable, we resolved to go by water.

Those were the last moments of my life during which I enjoyed the feeling of happiness. We passed rapidly along: the sun was hot, but we were sheltered from its rays by a kind of canopy, while we enjoyed the beauty of the scene, sometimes on one side of the lake, where we saw Mont Saleve, the pleasant banks of Montalegre, and at a distance, surmounting all, the beautiful Mont Blanc, and the assemblage of smary mountains that in vain endeavor to emuthe beautiful Mont Biane, and the assemblage of snowy mountains that in vain endeavor to emulate her; sometimes coasting the opposite banks, we saw the mighty Jura opposing its dark side to the ambition that would quit its native country, and an almost insurmountable barrier to the invader who should wish to enslave it.

I took the hand of Elizabeth: "You are sorted the invader who should wish to enslave it. rewful, my love. Ah! it you knew what I have suffered, and what I may yet endure, you would endeavor to let me tasts the quiet, and freedom from despair, that this one day at least permits me to enjoy."

from despair, that this one day at least permits me to enjoy."

"Be happy, my dear Victor," replied Elizabeth; "there is, I hope, nothing to distress you; and be assured that if a lively joy is not painted in my face, my heart is contented. Something whispers to me not to depend too much on the prospect that is opened before us; but I will not listen to such a sinister voice. Observe how fast we move along, and how the clouds, which sometimes obscure and sometimes rise above the dome of Mont Blauc, render this scene of beauty still more interesting. Look also at the innumerable fish that are swimming in the clear waters, where we can distinguish every pebble that lies at the bottom. What a divine day! how happy and serence all nature appears!"

Thus Elizabeth endeavored to divert her thoughts and mine from all reflection upon melancholy subjects. But her temper was floctuating; joy for a few instants shone in her eyes, but it continually gave place to distraction and reverie.

reverie.

reverie.

The sun sunk lower in the heavens; we passed the river Drance, and observed its path through the chasms of the higher, and the glens of the lower, hills. The Alps here come closer to the lake, and we approached the amphitheatre of mountains which forms its eastern boundary. The spire of Evian shone under the woods that surrounded it, and the range of mountain above mountain by which it was overhung.

The wind, which had hitherto carried us along with amazing rapidity, sank at sonset to a light breeze; the soft air just ruffled the water, and caused a pleasant motion among the trees as

we approached the shore, from which it wafted the most delightful scent of flowers and hay. The sun sunk beneath the horizon as we handel; and, as I touched the shore, I felt those cares and fears revive, which soon were to clasp me, and cling to me for ever.

Miscellang.

THE DAY OF THE HONEST DOLLAR.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When all the land awoke to strife, And South and North insanely for To save the nation's stricken life, The paper dollar was begot— A child of pain and loss and death, A pledge of public faith.

In camp and siege and fierce attack, That fiellar fifrily played its part; Stood at our gestant army's back, And still controlled the busy mart, While thousands strove and shed the To make its promise med.

When days were dark, and hope was cold In faithful hearts, the gulf that lay Between the promise and the gold. Widened and deepened every day: The dollar faded with the cause, And more than shared its loss.

But when the days of doubt were past,
And freedom reached its righteons ands,
The paper dollar gained at last
The burden of too realous friends,
Who held the word as 'tweer the act,
The promise as the fact.

The perils of the sun and storm
Are over; safe from friends and focs,
Who both assailed its fragile form,
An honest face the dollar shows,
And boildy dares its head to hold
Beside the solid gold.

This makes our sum of gains complete, And fills the measure of our praise; Undaunted by severe defeat, Nor spailed by seeming prespectors days, Still by the spoken word we stood, And made our promise good.

With joy we may begin the year, In spite of losses, doubts, and pains; No longer need our people fear, Because an honest purpose reigns; The dollar now is what it seems, The land its faith redeems.

tenumption in the Corners---The Effect Upon the Busines Prospects of That Famous Lo-cality---A Public Meeting to Protest.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Wich is in the State UV Kenticky,
January 2, 1879.

At last the blow hez fallen. The infanus
Sherman hez forsed resumpshun upon a longsufferin peeple, wich hez bin in the merciless
grasp uv the men they borrored money uv, wich
meens, to us, finanshel rooin. He hez ref-sozed
us more money — he hez turned a deef car to
our eppeels for onlimitid greenbax, and now requires us to come down to a gold basis, and do
biznis ez we did in the slow times afore the late
ounlessuntness.

onplesantness.

Ther wuz a feelin uv depreshen at the Corners, wich wuz paneful. The Deekin, that sweet old saint, stood over the bar at Bascom's his time enfeebled hand graspin a glass uv ikker, supported on either hand by Capt. McPelter and Issaker Gavitt, each uv em also graspin a glass with the Gavitt, each uv em also graspin a glass

Issaker Gavitt, each uv em also graspin a glass uv likker.

"Resumpshun is upon us," sed the Deekin, "and we shel hev to pay gohi to the graspin bond-holders. Wher is it to end?"

And then we desidid to hold a meetin to wunst, and, at leest, protest agin this infamus persedin, with the faint hope that the powers at Washinton might heed the groans uv a opprest peeple, and let up on em. Akkordinly, the horn wax tootid, and in fifteen minits we hed a getherin uv the fatheful within them time onored walls. The peeple uv the Corners hev pleuty uv time to attend meetins, and they are the most

After lamentin the deprest condishen uv biznis, consekent upon contrackshen, and the utter and entire room that must foller the compellin uv us to git down to a gold basis, the follerin

hens, prepared by me, waz presented by WAREAS, That feend in human shape, that tool ny the money power, and that sucker uv fixan-shel blood, John Sherman, Secretary uv the Treshury, hez forsed contrackshen, and hez wound up his infamus career by resomin; and Warras, While the Corners wishes to deel fair-

WAREAS, While the Corners wishes to deef fairly by the Nashoel crediters, except in the matter uv payin the Nashoel det; and WAREAS, Ef the Corners hez to pay the Nashnel det, and sich, it clames the high privilidge uv makin the money it is to be paid in, so that it kin akkomodate itself to sich sirkumstances;

rfore, be it Resolved, That the Corners, in the intrest uv

Besofred. That the Corners, in the intrest average oppress laber and langwishin capitle, demands that the order resonain speshe payment be to wants revoked.

Resolved. That it is the dooty uv the Gineral Guverment, instid uv gittin down to a gold basis, to ishoo money in sich quantities and uv sich a nacher, that will make our lots, here in the Corners with west that was at the corners with the the Corners, wath wat they wuz at the close uv the war, and make em go ez quick ez they did

and that under the sistem perposed by the feend, Sherman, credit is simply impossible. Resolved, That we want a finanshel sistem that

Resolved. That we want a finanshel sistem that will enable us to borry \$5,000 on a acre lot, the vally nv the money bein uv no akkonnt so that it will buy likker.

Resolved. That the Gineral Guverment, instid uv resoomin speshe payment, and compellin us to exchange our greenbax for gold, with the intenshun uv retirin our greenbax, and therby contractin the volyoom uv the currency, shood keep our greenbax afloat, and add to em the gold in cirkelashen, thus expandin the currency, and givin the Corners plenty uv capitle with wich to develop its resorces.

Resolved. That we want a finanshel sistem that the commander of the galleys, who witnessed the escape, has doubts vanished. He consistent in his legion, and assigned him quarters near himself. Some days later, by the hands of another spy, Major Lee received a letter in eigher, of which this was the important part:

I am able confidently to assure you that the suspicions excited by Arnobi are false as himself. Not one of our officers is supposed by the British to be otherwise than inimical to their cause. Only one has fallented the same position in his legion, and assigned him quarters near himself. Some days later, by the hands of another spy, Major Lee received a letter in eigher, of which this was the important part:

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Ther wuz a awkerd pause.

Every member uv the meetin went throo the form uv feelin throo his close. But to my intense disgust, ther waza't a dollar in the house—NOT A DOLLAR.

"I pity yoo victims uv a false finanshel polisy, from the bottom uv my hart," sed Josef, sneerinly. "Yoo bev so much to do with it. It must worry a man to be compelled to pay gold, when he never pays nothin. It must hurt a man to hev to receeve gold for paper, when he ain't got no paper. Parson, let's put them resolooshens, and pass em."

Uv coarse, after this hoomiliaten discloshure, ther wazu't no yoose in passin the resolooshens,

ther wuzu't no yoose in passiu the resolooshens, and the meetin adjurned sadly, and re-assembled at Bascom's.

But we are Jist ex much opposed to speshe re-sumpshen ex ever, for all that.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Financer.

THE late Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the beautiful Mt. Auburn Cemetery. He met with much opposition, and was accused of trying to induce people to bury their dead in the country, where the doctors could snatch the bodies in comparative freedom. One man went so far as to say that he "wouldn't be buried in the woods as long as he lived."

JOHN CHAMPE'S DESERTION. The Story of Light Horse Harry's Brave Ser-genut-Major---How He Bid Washington's Errand at the Risk of His Life--- His Pina to Capture Arnold--- What Might have Saved Andre.

To the Editor of the New York Sun :

SIR: — The outburst of popular indignation, when it was announced that a monument was to be put up on American soil to the spy who plotted with Benedict Arnold the capture of George Washington, and the popular response

plotted with Benedict Arnold the capture of George Washington, and the popular response to the suggestion of a monument in New York to the heroic Nathan Hale, prove that the fires of patriotism still burn brightly in the American breast. May they never be quenched.

But my purpose, in this letter, was to recall a romantic episode of the Andre-Arnold affair, which some the of The San'e readers may have for potten, and with it one of the noblest figures of the revolutionary epoch—a man who risked his life as bravely for his country as did Hale himself-Sergeant John Champe, of the Virginia Light Horse Cavalry.

All Americans know how anxions Washington was to capture Benedict Arnold. But all do not know one of the weightiest reasons for this

know one of the weightiest reasons for this auxiety. If Arnold had fallen, who could be trusted? Who could tell how far the treason anxiety. If Arnold had fallen, who could be trasted? Who could tell how far the treason had sapped its way unsuspected? Strange rumors were in the air about other officers high in rank, one of whom enjoyed in an eminent degree the confidence and esteem of Washington. On his arrival at the camp, he sent for Major Henry Lee, the father of the late Robert E. Lee, unbeamed himself fully to him, and asked if, among the bold Virginia spirits under his command, there was one who would be willing to risk hie, liberty, and honor on a dissperate stake for the good of his country. Lee replied that he had such a man in his Legion, a native of his own County of Loudon, John Champe, his Sergeant Mejor, who, although but 24 years old, possessed a courage equal to any danger. His only doubt was whether Champe would accept any service on which the shadow of dishonor rested. Washington gave minute and accurate instructions to Major Lee, who repaired to his camp and sent for Champe. He was a handsome, finely proportioned young man, of grave countenance, with deep set black eyes. When the scheme was unfolded to him, Champe shrauk from the idea of desertion. He declared that his life was at the service of Washington, but that his honor was his own. Lee, as a last inducement. life was at the service of Washington, but that his honor was his own. Lee, as a last inducement, pronounced the name of the suspected General, whose character Washington was auxious to clear. Channe started, declared that the army held no man more loyal, and yielded. He hastened to make his preparations. He knew that the first danger was from the pursuit of his own comrades, rendered doubly watchful and suspicious by the crime of Arnold. Major Lee was sitting in his tent, when it was reported that a dragoon had been seen to leave the camp, who, when challenged by the sentry, put spurs to his horse and escaped. Auxious to give his Sergeant every possible opportunity, Lee at first affected to misunderstand, and next to doubt the correctness of the report. It was, undoubt-

the correctness of the report. It was, undoubt-edly, he said, some countryman. It was impos-sible that any member of the Virginia Legion could be gu lty of such an act. The officer mak-ing the report was somewhat indiguant, and re-plied that the deserter was believed to be no plied that the deserter was believed to be no less a person than the Sergeant-Major, as his horse and arms were missing. A pursuing party was soon equipped. After inspecting them, Lee suidenly remembered that he had other duty for the Lientenant in command, and sent for Cornet Middicton to take his place. He did this, partly to create delay, partly from a knowledge of Middleton's kindly disposition. His instructions were to bring the man alive to camp, that he might suffer, if guilty, in the presence of the army, but to kill him if he resisted. It was midnight, and the rain fell in torrents. Just at daybreak, from an eminence some miles from Bergen, near the "Three Pigeons," a tavern kept at the present day, the dragoons deserted Champe about half a mile in advance. He put spurs to about half a mile in advance. He put spurs to his horse, and made for the village of South Bergen, determined to seek refuge on one of the two British galleys which usually lay in Newark Bay, a mile or two distant. Presently he heard the pursuers again at his beels. But a few hundred yards separated them. A long marsh and deep waters lay between him and safety. He sprang from his horse, and plunged into the morass. His pursuers came up, and dismounted also. Struggling through the mod and slime, with his drawn sword held high above his head, Champe reached the river's brink, plunged in, and swam toward the galleys. His cloak and scabbard had been thrown away, but for a time he still grasped his trusty blade. This slip sed from his hand, and was lost. The scene had been watched with groat interest, and rightly interpreted by those on board the galleys. Fire was opened on the dragoous, some of whom were preparing to follow Champe in the water, while a light boat quickly picked up the fugitive.

Champe was very kindly received on board the British galley, and sent at once to New York. After the usual interrogations by the Adjutant-General, he was taken before Sir Henry Cfinton, who put gold in his hand, and sent him to Arnold. Champe found Arnold quartered in an elegant private mansion, surrounded by the fuxury which was so dear to him. The traitor regarded his visitor with a keen, inquisitorial look. The Virginia cavalry had borne such a high reputation for fidelity, that he could scarcely believe one of them stood before him in the character of a deserter. But as he read the letter from the commander of the galleys, who witnessed the escape, his doubts vanished. He con-

Resolved, That the Gineral Gaverment, instal av resoomin speaks payment, and compellin us to exchange our greenbax for gold, with the intenshing our greenbax affort, and therby contractin the volyoom av the currency, shood keep our greenbax affort, and add to em the gold in cirkelashen, thus expandin the currency, and givin the Corners plenty uv capitle with wich to develop its resorces.

Resolved, That every sitizen here present dur solemly protest sgin bein compelled to take gold for his greenbax, and hereby enters his protest agin the nefareus skesun, ex bein in the sole intrest uv the blotti boudholders uv the East, and agin the horny handid toilers uv the West. I wux about puttin the resoloosbens onto there passige, when Joe Bigher rose. That cross is pizen, and alluz turns up at the rosp place.

"I would sejest," sed Josef, "that we may be goin to fast. Probably resumpshen is a mere matter uv form, and her no substance into it. Ikin understand how Secretary Sherman may advertise to pay out gold for legic tenders in Washinton, without fornin it conto the rest uv the kentry. Suppose we put the matter to test. I would sejest, therfore, that some own or ground capitleists in his house take a dollar legle-tender note, and go over to the Nashnel Bank and demand gold for it, and see wether they hev bin instructed to pay it."

The proposishen seemed to me to be a fair one, and I called on some one to go over and try the experiment.

The wax a wkerd pause.

Every member uv the meetin went throo the disgust, ther wax's a dollar is the kouse—Nor a Bollar.

"I pity yoo victims uv a faise finanshel polisy, from the bottom uv my bart," sed Josef, sneer-ind, with the washington was obliged to a consult of the fair one, and i called on some one to go over and try the experiment.

The wax a wkerd pause.

Every member uv the meetin went throo the disgust, ther wax's a dollar is the kouse—Nor a bortest of the pair of dragoons, carrying three led horses, one of them the beauting of the pair of the pair of the pair of the pai

changed his quarters only a few hours before the time fixed for the execution of their plans, had frustrated them.

Poor Champe was obliged to accompany the traitor to Virginia. At this peril of his life, he escaped in North Carolina, hiding for whole days in the thickets, and at length rejoined the army which was in pursuit of Lozd Rawdon. He sought which was in pursuit of Lozd Rawdon. He sought in the thickets, and at length rejoined the army which was in pursuit of Lozd Rawdon. He sought in the first that he sought which was in pursuit of Lozd Rawdon. He sought in the fart of the first that the consideration due to his heroism. Major Lee, restoring to him his favorite horse, sent him to Washington, who comforted him as only a notice mind could, and gave him an honorable discharge, fearing for him the vengeauce of the enemy, should the chances of war place him in their power.

Champe retired to his home, in London County, Virginia, where he lived several years, honored and respected. When our brief war with France occurred, and Washington was appointed Lieutenant-General, he sought out Champe, to confer on him Captain's commission, but the brave Sergeant had gone to aswer a higher muster roll.

J. W. B.

J. W. B.
THE Troy (N. Y.) Budget thinks the best cipher
lispatch was "Gold, 100."